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# PILGRIM SONGS

—BY—

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EV. LUTH. PASTOR.

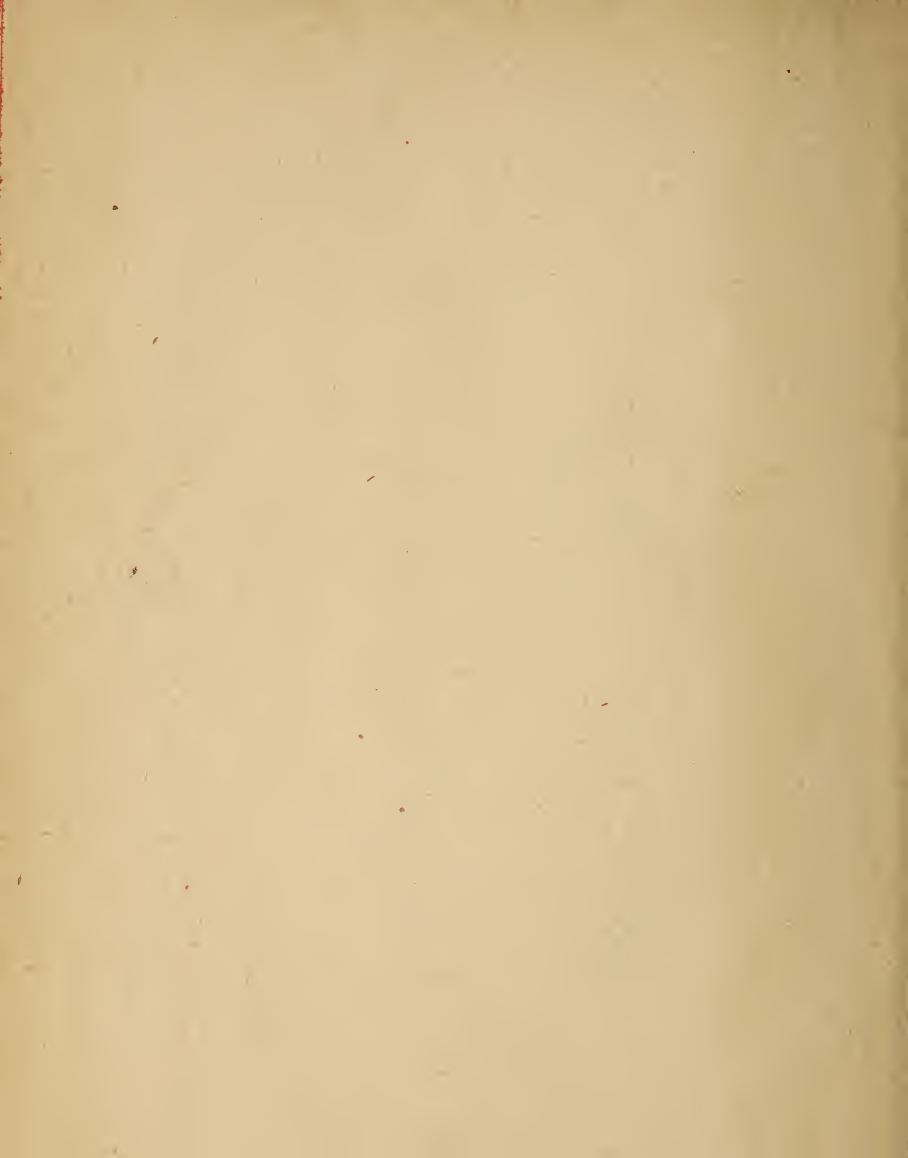




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## PREFACE.

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Neither the love of lucre nor the love of vain glory have induced the author to publish this little volume. He knows only too well that neither will accrue to him by its publication. His reason for presenting this little book to the public is his earnest desire of giving in it a small token of deep and lasting gratitude to those dear friends whose names the author has dared to mention on the preceding page.

Some, no doubt, will call the publication of the book premature, when they see its meager contents. To these the author would say, that through great bodily affliction he has come to the belief that his days are nearly numbered, and he therefore only the more earnestly desired to know at least this farthing of his great debt of gratitude paid, before the last hour came.

If in God's great mercy this little volume becomes the means of recalling one single sheep that has strayed from the fold, if it serves to dry a single tear, or calm the troubled heart of some grief-laden pilgrim, the author will have the inexpressible joy of knowing that his little book has not been published in vain.

F. W. H.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 17, 1888.



## DEDICATION.

---

A pilgrim, who in foreign land  
With weary heart must roam,  
Will often take his harp to hand,  
And fondly sing of home.

His home is e'er his soul's delight,  
Wherever he may stroll;  
His burning songs by day, by night  
Its praise with joy extoll.

---

I am Thy pilgrim, O my God,  
This world is nought to me;  
But every day the path is trod  
That leads me home to Thee.

O, can I help to sing Thy praise  
While in this exile-land,  
And honor with these simple lays  
The mercies of Thy hand?

Accept Thou then my stammering  
And let my lisping please,  
*At home* my harp Thy praise shall sing  
In fairer songs than these!

## THE WOOING OF THE PILGRIM.

---

O Jesus, dearest Jesus,  
How shall my joyous soul,  
Praise it however sweetly,  
Thy wond'rous love extoll,  
Thy love that placed the sinner  
As Thy most cherished bride  
In royal robes and honor,  
At Thy exalted side.

O, what was there within me  
To please Thine holy eye?  
What shining garment clothed me  
To draw Thee loving nigh?  
What beauty, grace or riches  
Could I account my own,  
That Thou couldst find such pleasure  
To make my heart Thy throne?

All naked I was dying  
In sin and greatest shame,  
With filthy rags for raiment,  
Unrighteousness for name;  
Cast out as unclean offal,  
A wretched soul I lay  
In blood, and wounds, and sorrow,  
Foul Hell's desired prey.

But though the earth and heavens  
    Loathed my vile company,  
Yet Thou, the Lord of Glory,  
    Couldst not contented be  
To leave me in my anguish,  
    To know in death my part ;  
But long'dst to take the sinner  
    To Thy love-burning heart.

From Thy great throne of glory  
    And uncreated light  
Thou cam'st into my bondage  
    And grieving sorrow's night.  
Thou camest poor and lowly  
    To make me rich and great,  
And took'st in loving kindness  
    On Thee my dreadful fate.

To win me robes of honor  
    Thou worest robes of shame,  
That I might live in glory  
    Thou suffer'dst great defame,  
And that the crown immortal,  
    Which all the blest adorns,  
My guilty head might circle,  
    Thou worest crown of thorns.

Thou tookest on Thy shoulders  
    The burden of my guilt,  
And on Thy stainless raiment  
    Thy precious blood was spilt.

The wine-press of God's anger  
 Alone by Thee was trod,  
 That Thou might'st save forever  
 Me from his angry rod.

But though Thy tears and prayers,  
 Thy suff'ring, death and grave  
 Redeemed him, who his lifetime  
 Was Satan's trembling slave,  
 And though Thou stretchtest daily  
 Thy saving arms to me,  
 Yet, I in nameless folly  
 Thy loving heart could flee.

The ways of sin and sorrow  
 Were dearer to my feet,  
 Than all Thy ways of mercy  
 And grace and peace so sweet.  
 Aye, rather would I listen  
 Unto the Tempter's voice,  
 Than take Thy invitation  
 And in Thy love rejoice.

O, truly I had doubly  
 Deserved my dreadful fate;  
 Thou werest just in closing  
 On me Thy mercy's gate;  
 Thou werest just in leaving  
 Me to my dreadful lot,  
 In passing the just judgment:  
 "Go hence! I know thee not."

But though my heart rejected  
The offerings of Thy peace,  
Yet thou wouldst not reject me,  
Yet Thou wouldst never cease  
To follow ever loving  
And wooing at my side,  
Until at last Thou won'st me  
And madest me Thy bride.

O, Love beyond extoling,  
Beyond all depth and height,  
O Love! the song of angels,  
Saved sinners' great delight,  
If in the highest heavens  
My raptured harp were strung,  
Singing through endless ages—  
Thy praise were left unsung!

## I AM THY PILGRIM.

---

I am Thy pilgrim, O my fathers' God,  
And humbly pray, while wand'ring on the way,  
That Thou wouldst lead me with Thy loving rod  
And kindly lend me strength, that every day  
My path to Thee in truest faith be trod;  
And though my heart in weakness often stray,  
Yet do Thou grant me on my pilgrimage  
The needed help to reach my heritage.

O, give me strength to flee the Tempter's voice  
And never his desiring to fulfill;  
Make 'Thou the narrow path my daily choice,  
And all my heart with fervent love instill  
For Thee, that I may evermore rejoice  
To daily do Thy good and holy will.  
O, let me keep my portion undefiled  
And ever prove myself Thy Spirit's child.

And when at last I hear the curfew toll  
And know my weary pilgrim-days are by,  
When my dim eyes see Jordan's waters roll  
And for Thy face in anxious longing sigh—  
O, then, my God, uphold my fearing soul  
And to Thy bosom draw me loving nigh;  
Then open unto me fair Eden's door  
And let me live with Thee forevermore.



## PILGRIM'S STAFF.

---

O Thou, who on the crosses-tree  
Didst die a shameful death for me,  
O dearest Savior Thou—  
I know Thy cross is foolishness  
To all who in their righteousness  
And haughty merit trow.

But Lord, to me, a sinner great,  
Who in his first sin's dreadful state  
Could neither do nor will  
A single work his God to please,  
Or his just anger to appease;  
To me, a sinner still,

Thy holy, blood-stained cross shall be  
The blessed wood that makes me free  
From that dread serpent's bite;  
Its blessed fruit shall be the meat  
Of which my dying soul shall eat  
And live in great delight.

And while through ever waning years,  
My weary feet, in many fears,  
Life's rugged road must wend,  
Thy cross shall be my pilgrim-staff  
On which my soul its hope shall graff  
To reach its journeys end.

O, with this blessed staff in hand  
I'll wander to the promised land  
And fear no depth nor height;  
For though the way oft thorny be,  
This blessed staff shall comfort me  
And make my journey light.

When I grow thirsty on the road  
And falter 'neath my heavy load,  
This staff shall be the rod  
With which from her Salvation's Rock  
My soul refreshing springs shall knock  
And see her glorious God.

Let Mara's waters bitter be,  
My eyes no help nor comfort see  
And weep in great distress,  
Thy cross shall be the blessed wood  
That with Thy blood's most precious flood  
Sweetens all bitterness.

And when, at last, with weary feet  
The stormy waves of death I meet  
And hear the enemy,  
Then shall thy cross as Moses' rod  
The surging floods part wide abroad  
And bring me safe to Thee.

## THE PILGRIM'S LIGHT.

---

Surrounded by sin's dismal night,  
A pilgrim I must roam.  
O what shall be my guiding light  
To lead my erring feet aright  
The path to my blest home?

There is no other light than Thine,  
O Jesus, dearest Lord!  
That sacred lamp, Thy truth divine,  
Whose gloom-dispelling beams still shine  
Forth from Thy holy Word.

Thy Word alone has oped my eyes  
To see the dreadful state  
In which all human nature lies—  
'Tis endless night that never dies,  
With endless death its fate.

Thy Word alone has sped its ray  
Into my blind-born heart,  
Has driven sin's dark night away  
And brought me in the glorious day  
Of which the sun Thou art.

Thy Word alone has kindled in  
My heart faith's holy flame,  
In it my dying soul does win  
Against the bleeding wounds of sin  
Sure healing from Thy name.

Thy Word alone grants me faith's fruit,  
Sweet charity's fair flower,  
E'er in Thy loving heart to root,  
Its gladdening blossoms thence to shoot  
'Round my heart's stony tower.

Thy Word alone lights up in me  
Hope's radiant, shining star,  
Whose blessed rays teach me to see  
Above this tear-stained Calvary  
The pearly gates ajar.

While I must wander in the night,  
Thy Word, O Lord, shall be  
My soul's inspiring, guiding light,  
Making my path most fair and bright  
That leads me home to Thee.

## THE PILGRIM'S DRESS.

---

As long as I wander o'er life's stormy lea  
Without and within me no beauty I see;  
My sad, flowing tears ever daily confess:  
In me they see nothing but sin's shameful dress.

In Thee, O my Savior, in thy purple blood,  
In which I was clad in the baptismal flood,  
My soul has a garment more glorious far  
Than the glittering dress of day's brightest star.

Though without no beauty this fair dress unfolds,  
Still the eye of my God its splendor beholds;  
My sins, without number, their deep, crimson glow,  
In this purple dress glisten whiter than snow.

This dress shall enrobe me while journeying here,  
And in it no danger nor tempest I'll fear,  
From the heat of the desert, the rocks of the way  
This dress shall protect me, by night and by day.

This dress shall not molder nor ever wax old,  
But as, of the wandering Jews we are told,  
How their garments outlasted the season of time,  
No seasons shall injure this fair dress of mine.

This dress will I take as my last winding sheet,  
In its beauty my Savior in heaven to meet,  
And there shall I, shining in this precious stole,  
My Savior's great glory forever extol.

## THE PILGRIM'S CROWNS.

---

For every pilgrim of our God  
Two crowns are made to wear :  
The one while here his way is trod,  
And one in Heaven fair.

The first is wrought of sorrow's thorns,  
Its jewels are the tears  
Wept by a heart that sadly mourns  
In faith's repenting fears.

And 'round it runs this tristful rhyme :  
Through tribulations great  
Alone God's child the road may climb  
That leads to Heaven's gate.

Ah, 'tis a crown the world does scorn  
And hold in greatest shame,  
And he, by whom this crown is worn,  
Must suffer great defame.

But he who wears the precious seal  
Of Christ upon his brow,  
Shrinks not his Savior's thorns to feel  
Nor 'neath his cross to bow.

He cannot, when his Master wore  
A bleeding crown on earth,  
The glittering crown of Baal adore  
And quaff his cup of mirth.

No; he will take the thorny wreath  
And kiss the loving hands,  
That with it all the grace bequeath  
That broke death's iron bands.

To him it is a gracious sign  
Of his Redeemer's love,  
And in its thorns his eyes divine  
The beauteous crown above.

Ah, 'tis a crown his singing tongue  
Shall greet in sweetest hymn,  
And see his prayers as rubies strung  
Around its sheeny rim.

A crown, wherein his tearful sighs  
Are laid as precious gold—  
A crown! its glory never dies,  
Its joys are never told.

On it his raptured eyes shall read  
The sentence fair and clear:  
"All they that weeping sowed their seed  
Shall reap in glory here."

## WEARY NOT.

---

Weary not, weary not,  
Little Pilgrim-band,  
Though the desert sun be hot  
And thy way with care be fraught  
To the promised land.

Not alone, not alone  
Do you wander here,  
He, who from the fiery throne  
Of the cloud on Juda shone,  
Evermore is near.

He will lead, He will lead  
Now as then the way,  
With his manna He will feed  
Hungry hearts and every need,  
Every want alay.

In the dearth, in the dearth  
Living wells shall spring  
From his hand in gleeful mirth,  
Lift the dying from the earth  
To Him, their living King.

Onward still, onward still,  
Then, thou little band,  
For it is the Father's will  
His great promise to fulfill:  
To bring you to His land.



## RETURN TO ME.

---

(Jeremiah 3, 12.)

Return to me, my Children, O return!  
Why will you follow in destruction's path  
And chose for life the everlasting wrath  
That in the deepest deep of Hell doth burn?  
What have I done that you so coldly spurn  
My love that bare you with such bitter tears,  
That suffered your despise these many years,  
Yet doth to-day with eager longing turn  
To you and weeping pray: Return! Return!

Return to me—O do not trust the sprites  
That lure you wily on to dreary wastes,  
Where tears for joy and death for life he tastes,  
Who follows, fondly hoping sweet delights.  
O, how your danger all my soul affrights,  
And how I tremble, lest you too be lost,  
My children, O my children, who have cost  
Me more than mothers anxious days and nights  
Filled with sad tears and burning prayer's flights.

Return to me, O why, why will you die  
 In your transgressions and their damning guilt,  
 When I redeemed you with the blood I spilt  
 Upon the cross, with many a bitter sigh.  
 O, harden not your hearts against my cry  
 That calls you back into my longing arms  
 To keep you safe from sin's death-dealing harms,  
 And make you strong all danger to defy  
 That 'round the narrow path to heaven lie.

Return to me! O, think me not a stern,  
 A heartless judge that doth not mercy know.  
 Did I not to the dying thief it show  
 And from his soul the fearful judgment turn?  
 Thus doth my love incessant for you burn,  
 And still to-day my arms are opened wide  
 To take you, lost and straying, to my side;  
 And though my love for you you oft did spurn,  
 I will forgive, forget it all:—Return.

## COULD I FORGET.

---

Could I forget Thee, Holy Love,  
Forget to seek my Home above,  
Forget to be Thy faithful child,  
To live beneath Thy yoke so mild?

Could I forget Thy loving voice  
That makes Thy children's heart rejoice,  
And to the Tempter lend my heart  
And from Thy righteous path depart?

Could I forget Thy thorn-crowned head,  
Thy heart that for the sinner bled,  
Thy hands that on the crosses-tree  
Stretched out in dying love for me?

Could I forget the tender care  
That day and night sought everywhere  
The sheep, that wandered in distress  
Through this world's sinful wilderness?

Could I forget the happy days,  
When Thy sweet eyes their loving rays  
Shed o'er me, and in greatest bliss  
My soul received Thy bridal-kiss?

Forgive, O Lord, my shameful fall;  
I hear Thy loving shepherd-call  
O, light on me Thy loving face  
And take me back into Thy grace.

## "FEAR NOT, ONLY BELIEVE".

(Mark 5, 39.)

---

Fear not your sins' great number,  
Nor let their heavy load  
Your grieving heart encumber,  
But in Christ's hands furrowed  
Behold your sure salvation,  
He will your soul relieve  
From sin's great condemnation :  
Fear not, only believe.

Fear not the grave's dark portal ;  
Fear not Death's icy hand ;  
For Christ reigns God immortal  
In Death's sepulchral land.  
Who are His body's members  
In death He will not leave,  
But wake the lifeless embers :  
Fear not, only believe.

Fear not hell's wily power,  
The fiery arrow's flight,  
Let Christ be your strong tower,  
Stand boldly in the fight.  
You will not be forsaken,  
When but to Christ you cleave,  
He hell hath captive taken :  
Fear not, only believe.

FEAR NOT, ONLY BELIEVE.

Fear not your heart displaying

The future sin-fraught wave,

It is a faithful saying:

Christ came sinners to save.

His is a faithful calling,

He will your soul retrieve

From all peril befalling:

Fear not, only believe.

## ECCE HOMO.

---

Know'st thou the man  
Hanging on yonder cross?  
Know'st thou the head  
Those cruel thorns emboss?  
Know'st thou that Lamb  
Slain by Jehovah's rod?  
O Soul—it is thy God!

Know'st thou the cause  
That hanged thy Maker there?  
Know'st thou the nails  
That pierce those hands so fair?  
Know'st thou the scourge  
That bruised the holy skin?  
O soul—it was thy sin!

Know'st thou the fruit  
Of all this bitter pain?  
Know'st thou the prize  
Thy dying Lord would gain?  
Knowst thou the crown  
He wins in this sad strife?  
O Soul—it is thy life!

Shall then, O Soul,  
Thy Saviour bleed in vain?  
Wilt thou then hold  
His dying in disdain?  
O no, my Soul,  
His mighty love adore—  
Repent, believe and sin no more.

## EVER NEARER.

---

Ever nearer, ever nearer  
Draw me, dearest Lord, to Thee.  
Ever dearer, ever dearer,  
Make Thy holy name for me.  
O, I long to be Thine wholly,  
Thine alone, as Thou art mine,  
And to praise and love Thee solely  
And my all to Thee resign.

But alas, while time is fleeing  
To eternity's far shore,  
And my eyes are daily seeing  
Opened wide the grave's dark door,  
I must make the sad confession :  
My love is not undefiled,  
Still my way is in transgression,  
Still I am not all Thy child.

For the world and her vain pleasures  
Cause me often to forget  
Thee, O Lord, and at Thy measures  
This my heart will often fret ;  
Often listen to the Tempter  
Rather do his sinful will,  
Than in love, O my Redeptor,  
Thy commandments to fulfill.

PILGRIM SONGS.

O forgive, forgive my failing,  
Calm, O Lord, my troubled heart,  
To its weakness, to its ailing,  
Cheerful love and trust impart :  
For I long to be Thine wholly,  
Thine alone, as Thou art mine,  
And to praise and love Thee solely  
And my all to Thee resign.



## PRAYER BEFORE READING THE SCRIPTURES.

---

O Holy Spirit, Truth Divine,  
I now draw near Thy sacred shrine  
To seek for pearls of heavenly lore,  
That bless the soul forevermore.

But ah, with mine own sin-bound eyes  
I nevermore can find the prize;  
I pray Thee, lift the dark'ning veil  
That sight and hearing may not fail.

O shed on me Thy holy light,  
That I may read Thy word aright;  
In mercy from my soul keep out  
All unbelief, all sinful doubt.

Awake in me faith's morning-star  
And break down every hindering bar,  
And through Thy guidance let me see  
My Jesus with his love for me.

Against Hell's ever raging hord  
Let Thy word be my trusty sword,  
And through it teach my soul to win  
The fight with Satan, World and Sin.

In tribulation's tearful night  
Let Thy word be my shining light,  
And when death's parting hour has come  
Thro' Thy word lead me safely home.

## WHY WOULD YOU WEEP?

---

Why would you weep, my loved ones,  
For weary hearts at rest?  
Death's angel has not harmed them,  
But, at his Lord's behest,  
With loving voice he gathered  
Them in his silent fold,  
Where they secure may slumber,  
Until time's sands are told.

O, would you weep in sorrow,  
If, after they had wrought  
All day their weary labor,  
Refreshing sleep they sought?  
Or would your tears be flowing,  
If, after they had made  
Their sorrow-laden journey,  
They sought the cooling shade?

Or do you cry in anguish,  
If from the stormy sea  
The mariners to harbor  
With their frail vessels flee?  
Or do you hear sad mourning,  
If from the bloody war  
The conqueror is returning  
On his triumphal-car?

Why then bewEEP those dear ones?

    Their weary work is o'er ;

Past is their stormy voyage,

    Their bark is on the shore,

Their feet no longer wander

    The thorny path of life ;

And they the foe have conquered

    In faith's triumphant strife.

## PROCRASTINATION.

---

“To-morrow,” he said,  
“When I cease to run  
For the prize I seek  
And the goal is won,  
When my soul has quaffed  
The depths of mirth  
And all her desires  
Have died in dearth,  
When life’s bright stars  
No longer awake—  
To-morrow my peace  
With my God I’ll make.”

To-morrow came—  
The bright sun shone  
On earth and her children  
And their fates unknown.  
It shone on their pleasures  
And Toil’s deaf’ning din,  
It shone on their sorrow,  
It shone on their sin ;  
It shone on a grave  
Just newly made,  
Where he so sudden  
By others was laid.  
To-morrow had come  
With its terrible fate :  
For his peace with God  
*He was too late.*

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

---

Hark! what mean those angel voices?  
Singing sweetly in the night,  
At their song all Heaven rejoices  
And is seized with strange delight.

Hark! they sing of what the olden  
Seer's harps have longing sang,  
And their message is the golden  
Promise which through ages rang,

Of Immanuel's salvation,  
Virgin's Son and mighty God,  
To redeem man's fallen nation  
From the dread oppressor's rod.

And the angels shout the story  
In this happy, holy morn:  
"Good will to man, to God be glory  
Christ the Savior now is born."

Whence the wrath of God had driven  
Sinning man with flaming sword,  
This to-day is freely given  
Man again in Christ the Lord.

Open is again the portal  
Of lost Eden, and above  
Flaming stands the welcome: Mortal,  
Enter, enter, God is Love!

## WHEN SHALL IT BE.

---

When shall it be, my God, my Hope, my Love.  
That I shall hear Thy call  
To live with Thee in Thy bright home above  
And quit this weeping thrall?  
My weary soul is praying  
For that blest unity,  
And evermore is saying:  
O, when, when shall it be?

When shall it be, that I shall see Thy face  
Shining in Heaven's dome,  
In rapturous song extol Thy saving grace  
That brought Thy pilgrim home?  
O, while faith's bark is sailing,  
On life's storm-tossing sea,  
My heart repeats unfailing:  
O when, when shall it be?

When shall it be, that I shall know Thy rest,  
And from the battle's din  
Be free to sing with thy rejoicing Blest  
The wondrous bridal hymn?  
O, while their harps are calling  
Thrice "Holy", Lord, to Thee,  
My longing tears are falling  
And ask: "When shall it be?"

## COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY!

---

Come unto me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest,  
Your hearts however dreary  
In me they shall be blest.  
Thus He is ever calling  
Who knows each grieving harm,  
And from all woe enthralling  
Would help with his great arm.

No tempest roars so madly  
His power cannot calm,  
No wound can hurt so badly  
For which He has no balm,  
For eyes in sorrow weeping,  
For hearts bowed down with grief  
He has some salve in keeping,  
Some comfort, some relief.

The sea around us flowing,  
And earth's bread-giving land,  
The stars in heaven glowing,  
Are by His mighty hand.  
The sun obeys His power  
And daily runs his race,  
His clouds on us must shower  
The bounties of His grace.

The ear is by His working,  
And He has made the eye—  
Should He not see grief's lurking  
And hear its plaintive cry?  
Has He not as a token  
Of His great love to men  
In death His great heart broken,  
Why should we fear Him then?

Then listen to His calling  
Ye wanderers to the grave!  
If you are daily falling,  
His love will daily save;  
If you are daily staining  
With crimson guilt your dress,  
In Him free grace is reigning  
And perfect righteousness.

Ye poor, ye sick, ye dying,  
Travailing in great fear,  
To you His voice is crying,  
O, trustfully draw near  
To him who loving calls you  
Unto His Savior's breast,  
And evermore will give you  
Life, comfort, hope and rest.

O grant us, dearest Jesus,  
To hear Thy gospel call,  
In mercy do Thou lead us,  
That in our grieving all



COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY.

We strength may never borrow  
From man's infirmity,  
But in all care and sorrow  
May ever come to Thee.

## "THEY ARE NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING."

(John 11, 11-13.)

---

They are not dead, but sleeping,  
The loved for which we mourn,  
Resting in God's strong keeping,  
No longer trouble-worn.  
Why then should we keep weeping,  
As though from us they're torn ?  
They are not dead, but sleeping,  
The loved for which we mourn.  
Soon shall we hear their greeting  
On Jesus' bridal-morn,  
And see in that fond meeting  
What hath our hearts upborn :  
They are not dead, but sleeping,  
The loved for which we mourn.

## LOVE'S PRAYER.

---

O, could I love Thee more, Thou Love Divine,  
And make Thy cross forever unto me  
(As ivy does the storm-defying tree)  
A sheltering stay for faith's help-seeking vine.

O, could my heart on Thy dear heart recline,  
In life's fierce tempest firmly cling to Thee,  
And never break our blessed unity,  
Nor for earth's fleeting vanities repine!

Alas, each day, each fleeting hour but proves  
My fickle heart too easily can stray  
From Thee whom all the angels loud adore;

But yet I know Thy heart in pity moves  
For me and my distress. Then will I pray:  
"Lord, give me strength to love Thee, love Thee  
more!"

## TRUST IN GOD.

---

O, rest thee, rest thee, anxious heart,  
Thy Jesus knows thy woe,  
And surely will to thee impart  
What thou need'st here below.

Does he not hear the raven's cry  
And all its hunger still,  
Should He then pass thee only by  
And not thy wants fulfil?

Does not His hands the lillies dress  
That grow upon the field,  
Should He then be so merciless  
And thee no raiment yield?

His love for every beast has made  
A home wherein to live,  
Why should His mercy thee evade,  
And thee no shelter give?

Has He not won thy soul from death  
And from the curse of sin,  
That thou upon thy dying breath  
A heavenly crown might'st win?

TRUST IN GOD.

Is not His blood the earnest great  
Of His strong love for thee,  
That thou, however dark thy fate,  
His child might'st ever be ?

Oh, then, unto the Lord thy cares  
Commit, my anxious heart :  
"From thee," in His great love He swears,  
"I never will depart."

## SYLVESTER EVE.

---

While the year is dying fast  
And the present and the past  
    Meet and part forevermore,  
Lord, upon our bended knee  
Do we raise our voice to Thee  
    And Thy saving grace implore.

We are wanderers to the tomb,  
Dust to dust is e'er our doom,  
    Vanity is e'er our way,  
The achievement of our hand,  
All the works our hearts have planned—  
    As their masters must decay.

Thou art God and Thou alone—  
In the Heavens is thy throne,  
    Founded from eternity.  
With Thee is no change of light,  
But the morning, noon, and night  
    One eternal day must be.

As Thou art, thus is Thy grace  
Everlasting, e'er their race  
    Could the fleeting years begin.  
Still to-day Thy grace will save  
Contrite hearts that mercy crave  
    From Thee for their crimson sin.

Then, our God, reward us not  
After our great sins, but blot  
    Out our great iniquity  
With our blessed Redeemer's blood.  
Save us by that precious flood  
    In this hour, we ask of Thee.

Heal, o Lord, all our disease,  
All our wounds and sorrows ease,  
    Lift up every drooping heart.  
From the narrow path of life  
In this world's tumult and strife  
    Let Thy children ne'er depart.

So when in that midnight hour  
Thy fierce flames the world devour  
    And the skies to ashes roll,  
Then our lamps be burning bright,  
And we welcome with delight  
    Thee, the bridegroom of our soul.

## CONTENTMENT.

---

O tell me not of earthly things,  
Of earthly goods and gold.  
No comfort their possession brings  
When dying hearts grow cold.  
If I but have that precious sum  
My Jesus paid for me,  
I'll leave the world her glittering scum  
And all-contented be.

O tell me not of earthly fame  
And glory's shining star,  
An empty dream is Honor's name.  
More glorious 'tis by far  
To know your name engraven deep  
Upon your Savior's heart,  
For He will to his faithful sheep  
Undying fame impart.

O tell me not of earthly joy,  
Its laughter-flowing bowl  
Is mixed with sorrow and annoy  
And sinful pleasures foul.  
If I can feast at Jesus' breast  
And e'er rejoice in Him,  
My soul will find forever blest  
Joy's cup filled to the brim.



CONTENTMENT.

O tell me not of earthly love—  
Death swiftly breaks its bands.  
If I can have that Love above  
And rest in its strong hands,  
Then I have more than all the world  
And all its love can give,  
For when Death's banners are unfurled,  
Through Jesus' love I live.

## EVENING SONG.

---

The day is done, the last bright glow  
Of sinking sun dies in the West.  
The sombre shadows darker grow,  
And fill the earth with welcome rest.

The sprightly songsters of the day  
Unto their peaceful bowers hie,  
Their friends, the blooming flowers gay,  
On nature's breast a-dreaming lie.

The evening winds in voices soft  
Their vespers breathe among the pines,  
And from her tranquil azure-loft  
The moon in silent splendor shines.

And I—I bow my head and pray:  
O dearest Lord, when life must cease  
In me as in this dying day,  
Then give me, give me, Lord, Thy peace.

## THE MORNING STAR.

---

O wond'rous star, herald of golden morn,  
Streaming thy beauty on the tranquil night,  
With holy awe my heart fills at thy sight,  
And sacred thoughts within my heart are born.

Thou art a type of that more wond'rous star  
Shining so bright o'er Juda's sleeping vale,  
Whose beams the Magi joyously did hail  
That sought the Child from Eastern countries far.

Through its bright beams they found it and did give  
The Child their gold, their frankincense and myrrh,  
And homeward turned with richer treasures blest.

That wond'rous star will never cease to live,  
But ever seeking hearts to praising stir,  
That wond'rous Word of Christ to all addressed.

## WEARINESS.

---

My soul is a-weary,  
Ah, were I at rest  
From life's way so dreary,  
Asleep with the blest;

Asleep on the pillows  
My Savior prepares  
'Gainst life's stormy billows,  
Its sorrows and cares.

O, could I but slumber  
Upon His strong arm,  
And there no more number  
Sad tears of alarm.

My sorrow were ended,  
My weeping were done,  
With joy<sup>\*</sup>ever blended  
True peace had begun.

O Jesus, I pray Thee,  
In Thy divine love  
Come quickly and take me  
To Thy rest above.

## EASTER.

---

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

Angels in their sheeny stoles  
Preach it in the opened prison  
Of the grave to fearing souls.

Christ is risen! O, the joy  
Of the blessed Easter news  
Does in him all fear destroy  
Who its quickening power proves.

He no longer to the grave  
Wanders forth in trembling awe,  
From its terror him to save,  
Christ, His King, its terror saw.

He lay in the rocky shrine  
And dispelled its gloomy night,  
Who to him their souls resign,  
In Him rise to heavenly light.

Clad in immortality  
On their dying couch they sing:  
"Hell, where is thy victory,  
Where, o Death, is now thy sting?"

To M——.

---

O, thou of little faith, what dost thou fear?  
Is not the Master with his strong arm near,  
Thy "Save me, Lord," with speedy help to hear?

If from beneath thy feet all firmness flies,  
And mighty winds and waves around thee rise,  
On Him, that called thee, fix alone thine eyes!

Thou mayest sink, but surely never drown,  
Into the deepest grave He will reach down  
And lift thee up to thy appointed crown.

If thou hadst faith as small as mustard-seed,  
Thou couldst remove the mountains and the speed  
Of furious tempest check with frailest weed.

Then thy belief, from all mistrusting free,  
Lay hold on Christ, for He lays hold on thee,  
And at His side thou safely walkst the sea.

## THE MYSTERY REVEALED.

---

Whence cometh man, what is his purpose here,  
His life, his death? O, must he ever fail  
To find the truth and count his life a tale  
Soon told, an idle song or bitter tear,

And death the ending of his dark career?  
Dare mortal never lift the awful veil  
And present's, past's, and future's secret tale  
Tell to a dying world's truth-longing ear?

No heart's blood yet this secret's truth has bought,  
No human wisdom has this veil unfurled,  
No Alexander cleaves this Gordian knot,

And yet the myst'ries meshes are untwirled—  
The Son of God the answer long has brought  
And in His word revealed it to the world.

## JERUSALEM, MY BLESSED HOME.

---

Jerusalem, my blessed home,  
Fair city of my God,  
O, how I long thy streets to roam  
And sing thy praise abroad.

O, could I see thy shining courts,  
Thy jeweled gates of light,  
The boundless glory that transports  
Thy blest with rapt delight.

O, who can tell the endless joy  
That lives within thy walls,  
The blessed spirits' sweet employ  
That sing about thy halls?

No violence in thee is heard,  
But all thy happy states  
Around their loins salvation gird  
And praise within thy gates.

In thee travailing toil is o'er,  
Nor doubt, nor restless fear  
In thee the soul can pain no more  
Nor cause a single tear.



JERUSALEM, MY BLESSED HOME.

In thee the dreaded Tempter's sight  
Fills no more with dismay,  
And guilty sin's oppressing night  
Has ever fled away.

No anguish, sorrow, weakness, pain,  
No sickness they do know  
Who in thy happy borders reign,  
Where ceaseless pleasures glow.

Their Savior's mercy is the theme  
Of their enraptured song,  
And drinking of Life's rolling stream  
His glory they prolong.

Jerusalem, my blessed home,  
O, when, when shall it be,  
That I thy happy streets may roam  
And sing and praise in thee.

## CHRIST ON THE SEA.

[Matthew 14, 24-27.]

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### I.

The night lay brooding over earth and sea,  
Hushing to sleep the noisy voice of day,  
But in frail bark the Twelve a-watching lay  
Tossed by the angry waves of Galilee.

With wond'ring fear they question, whether He  
Who fed the thousands and remained to pray  
On silent hill-top far from them away  
His people's long-expected Help could be.

And with their bark their hope now rose, now fell,  
When lo! upon the sea a form appears—  
An evil spirit—as for fear they cry.

But who their joy that filled their hearts can tell,  
As from the gloom the Master's voice their ears  
Greets with the words: "Be not afraid, 'tis I."

### II.

If on the sea of duty, o my child,  
On which thy God has bidden thee to sail,  
The night of sorrow throws its gloomy veil  
And hides the stars that have so oft beguiled

CHRIST ON THE SEA.

Thy weary voyage with their glimmering mild ;  
If waves beat wild against thy bark so frail,  
Causing thy heart before their wrath to quail,  
And storm on storm upon thy course is piled—

Then wilt thou often question in thy faith,  
If He, in whom alone thy way is made,  
Will prove Himself the Christ also with thee.

Mayhap thy eyes some sudden, fearful wraith  
Trembling behold—but be thou not afraid,  
It is the Master walking on the sea.

## ASCENSION.

---

Why gaze ye up to heaven,  
Ye men of Galilee?  
Why are your hearts so troubled?  
What is it you would see?  
Though yon black cloud has taken  
Your Jesus from your view,  
His mighty love and promise  
Does still abide with you.

As you have seen your Jesus  
Ascending to the sky,  
Thus shall you see Him coming  
In glory from on high;  
Surrounded by His angels  
He to his side will call  
His faithful vineyard servants,  
And reign God all in all.

Go then, and preach the gospel,  
And baptize in His name  
The world for whose salvation  
Into this flesh He came.  
Go, mailed in armor stronger  
Than Damask-tempered steel,  
The power of the Spirit  
In you the world shall feel.

ASCENSION.

Lo! at your wond'rous story  
The night shall turn to day,  
The reign of sin's dread master  
Shall quickly pass away,  
And 'round the Cross's standard  
The sons of man shall meet  
To hearken to its teachings  
And worship at its feet.

Go then upon your errand  
Of saving grace and peace,  
And through your faithful labor  
Your Master's house increase,  
Until the happy tidings  
Through all the nations roll,  
And Jesus' name and honor  
Resound from pole to pole.

## RESURRECTION.

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### I.

Must not the seed under the sod be plowed,  
Must it not lie from life and light away  
And ever seem the King of Terror's prey,  
Enveloped in corruption's sable shroud;

Must not white-robed ghosts of winter crowd  
Eagerly o'er its silent tomb and say:  
"Now shall its body ever here decay  
And be no more by blooming life endowed",

Before sweet Spring, obeying His command  
Who changes life to death by His mysterious rod,  
Can whisper to the seed: Give me thy hand,

And rise again from the entombing sod  
Unto a brighter, fairer morn, and stand  
A loud-voiced prophet of a *living* God!

### II.

Why fear thee then, my heart, to lie some day  
Under the sod away from tristful care  
And life's unceasing toil? Forever there  
Sin's cruel scepter will have lost its sway,

RESURRECTION.

No more on thee its tearful burden lay—  
And tho' grim death thy secret chambers bare,  
His power shall not last, a morning fair  
Will also dawn on thee and thy decay.

Then shalt thou hear the quickening trumpet's sound  
Calling thy body from corruption's bed  
Before thy Jesus' throne, there to be crowned

With immortality. Then shalt thou wed  
Thy carols to the paeans that resound  
To the God of the living and not of the dead.

## HOMeward BOUND.

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O hold me not, for I am homeward bound,  
I see the farther shore.  
O hark! I hear rejoicing cymbals sound,  
Praising forevermore  
The Lamb, in glory holding  
Among the sainted band  
His blessed reign, unfolding  
The mercies of His hand.

Farewell, false world, with thee my course is run,  
No more thy tinselled joy  
Shall cause my soul its brighter home to shun  
And with thy love to toy.  
Thy vanities and pleasures  
Have led me oft astray,  
But now I go to treasures  
That never pass away.

Farewell, dread sin, no more thy fearful wraith  
Shall cause me sigh or tear,  
God's loving hand has kept me in the faith—  
What need my soul to fear?  
My Jesus paid thy wages  
And cleansed me from thy stain,  
I fear not thy storm's rages,  
For me to die is gain.



HOMeward BOUND.

Farewell, o Hell, thy onslaughts now are o'er,  
Thou hast no claim on me,  
For over thee my Christ has evermore  
Gained the great victory;  
And I defy thy power  
To harm a single hair,  
Christ is my soul's strong tower,  
I laugh at thy despair.

Farewell, ye friends, hold me not with your tears,  
We part, but meet above,  
Free from all cares, all weeping and all fears,  
Where Christ shall be our love.  
There we shall see rejoicing  
The loved ones gone before,  
And God's praise ever voicing  
Shall weep and part no more.









